

The Problem With Existence

By Tom Price

Edited By Anonymous

Introduction

Welcome to the book "The Problem With Existence." And in this book, you're going to learn about Tom Price on his philosophical views as a pessimist. He likes reading Emil Cioran, and Arthur Schopenhauer the most. Tom Price was born in 2002. and is still active today. He was raised in the south east of Kent, England, and currently still lives in Kent, in a town named Canterbury, and lives with a roommate. He likes to play video games, read books, go on hikes, and to write in his journal. Here in this book, you will see his thoughts, as he has written over one hundred pages of aphorisms for you to enjoy and hear out on his pessimistic views on life. Anyway, let's move on.

Chapter 1

When I think of life as a whole. I see it no less than that of a hell realm filled with demon-like entities. People see death as bad, but I couldn't think of anything better except the exception of better to have never been. If God was real, he would have to be the most vile, evil, self centred being in the universe to create such an enormous mistake as a conscious being. I admire the suicidal more than the optimist. As the suicidal aren't as stuck in their little delusions. I see the dead as the real winners. As they aren't suffering any more. I like the idea of dying one day. Not because of the thrill of dying but the thrill of not being alive and dealing with my suffering anymore. Another sleepless night full of dread and angst. Suicide is so understandable but yet so futile at the same time. You see why would I kill myself? When I've already suffered in the first place. It seems it's already too late for suicide.

I see the bird going into the tree with ambition, everything has ambition, even the depressed souls have ambition. The word means to take action which every life force does throughout the entirety of their existence. In the woods I felt at peace, as there were no humans to pest me and rid me of my solidarity. Then I wonder if humans need and love each other so much. Why do we despise each other's persona? I'm under the

impression that this universe doesn't care about you whether your dying, being raped or being stolen from. In the universe no one deserves anything good or bad and that we just get our ways sometimes with good luck throughout an overall futile and dreadful existence.

Consciousness isn't just a bitch slap to the face, It's a bullet through the skull. There is no reason, I repeat, no reason to have a kid, as why shall we create people into their graves and guarantee suffering? When people say why are you reading dark philosophy, I don't get furious and I mean how can I take people seriously that have no rational and lucid thinking? When I get bored, I beg for something to challenge me, and I then beg for hedonistic pleasures, but I know that I need to become like minded as Plato and the Buddha, stop looking at external materialistic measures and look for more peace from within.

The asymmetry argument by David Benatar is as clear as day and night but yet people still don't get the simplicity of better to have never been. Smoking weed made me take in everything around me more than usual and while I felt at peace, I also felt like I was in hell at the same time. Believing in a Abrahamic god is like a child believing in Santa Claus. It's a form of stupidity to believe in someone that has no evidence of doing anything good. I was at a cemetery the other day and I said to myself, 'I'm going to be six feet underneath.' That line alone hit me into desolation but relieving at the same time. To believe in something is to be biased, like not procreating for example, but that is a bias. I have but not all biases or observations are incorrect to say, but that most people don't observe this horrible reality correctly.

Altruism; the word means unselfishness, but yet despite people saying they are altruistic and thoughtful, through the lens of my observations, I say otherwise. For every step and action a human takes involves his own selfishness. This fact proves that homo sapiens is a selfish creature. The most selfish thing you can do is have kids, as it causes guaranteed suffering to that being itself and to others. Unfortunately people don't listen at all and keep bearing corpses, like how? Why would you bring someone here just to suffer and eventually perish?

Chapter 2

Earlier, I felt an impulse through me saying, "You're doomed and you're alive," as I looked at what I thought. It's correct I'm doomed to my death, just like every sentient being currently existing, and soon to exist. I much rather befriend someone who is dumb

and say they know nothing, than befriend someone who is intelligent and say they know everything. Life is death, but yet death is life. It is better to be a pig than a human, better to be a snake than a pig, better to be a wasp than a snake and better to be a flower than a bug. The less consciousness the better, I shall say. If only I could temporarily lend over my sensations to my friend, he might change his mind on making the mistake of bringing someone into this existence. It's a lot harder being an agnostic, than a theist or an atheist as you don't pick sides. The problem with being a theist or an atheist, is that we know evolution exists. We know we were ancient tree swinging apes and evolved to this level of insanity. What we don't know is what created the universe. so we don't truly know whether a God exists or not. I saw a mouse being hunted by a cat recently. From my observation, it seems Arthur Schopenhauer was right, the prey that gets hunted suffers more than when the hunter that fails to kill the prey itself suffers.

My friend has the flu, so the next time someone dares to say the inevitable "life's a gift," I shall say "no, it isn't," and use this example. Anhedonia haunts me. It causes my boredom, turmoil, while belittling my hope for life. The only antidote to this dilemma I face on a daily basis. Is to kill myself straight on the spot. Falling in love, though I don't hate it, However, I also don't condone it either. Why is that? Well, simply you need someone to dominate, to abuse, and for someone to enable that dominance, be submissive and to endure it. I don't want to be either, I want to be treated equal and to treat people equal. Unfortunately, that's not how mother nature works.

Women and children are loved unconditionally, however men are only loved for what they can provide their children, wife and society conditionally. What a great thing to be a man, I shall not think so. Life at its worst is full of suffering, turmoil and desolation. Life at its best is no more than good luck to just end in boredom and then eventually death, disappointment and regret. For life is a toxic cycle that shall end, once the sun swallows planet earth. Another sleep deprived night. I beg for redemption for my insomnia, I beg for a magic pill to cure the curse. Unfortunately, I feel stuck and cursed. When will this bad luck end and give me some peace. When I look back at myself, I see so many disappointments but also positives. I think I was a different person at eighteen, than now at twenty three, and I will be a lot more different when I turn sixty compared to how I am now. That's if I make it that far.

I've come to the conclusion that people, especially geniuses always have some mental problem or illness and that these people, despite being labelled by a society as weird and irrational, were actually the rational ones all along. Just look at Emil Cioran, for the fact he suffered with suicidal thoughts and insomnia, and Isaac Newton who was a scientific genius, yet suffered with autism and schizophrenia. Islam is with no doubt, the worst religion as the devil worshippers not only worship a evil God, but also worship a

man that married, and raped a nine year old girl, and yet they think they have the decency to play victim and act virtuous.

I remember at a young age, when my mother said the sinful “Your auntie is pregnant, isn’t that great?” I felt a horrible sensation of dread and angst. My mind felt like I wanted to go on a fit of convulsion and thus felt like my auntie had just committed a crime. In fact she did. The start of forcing a new flesh suit into this world just to suffer and eventually end up into a meat grinder. I felt a sudden sensation of being petrified, that I’m going to die at some point, and that everything I do won’t matter in the end. Luckily at the same time once it ends I go back to my prenatal space. Back to the place before all my suffering began. Virginity in the modern world is frowned upon, especially towards men, but it is one of the biggest virtues you can have, as you don’t risk committing the sins of your parents and thus not becoming a parent yourself and bearing corpses into their graves. You spare them their suffering, and problems of having consciousness. Every civilization had its peak and then atrophied. As they say, “All good things must come to an end.”

Chapter 3

Friends are like a double edge sword. One moment they are your allies, the next, they are chasing futile drama, and treating you how a tiger would, punishing you, when you have your back turned to them. People that oppose that it’s better to have never been, think they are infinite, immortal, and everlasting, when life and history debunks that. How and when will these people ever wake up to the ghastly reality they face? I will never know to be quite frank. One time my friend said, “He can tell that I’m autistic, by the way I walk and manerise myself.” That of what he said released my insecurities and how and what I would take to have been reincarnated as a model, or an intellect with status, good looks, money and charm. Not knowing that I’ve attained these attributes scars me, but I re-think and come to the conclusion. That all life leads to one thing and that is death.

Insomnia is like that one enemy that keeps prodding you with a sharp end stick. I was solitary at the cemetery yet again. Seeing all the dead corpses underground, knowing that this is my fate. Six feet under, aging like stale bread. It petrifies me to think of the fact that I will be a corpse of nothingness, that came from a simple mistake of being procreated. As I beared the loud monstrosity of my roommate’s loud music, I went downstairs and saw the face of a stupid Christian who dared to say, “I want a child.” That line alone gave me a sensation of sickness and ill effect itself. What would I take to

wake these stupid people up from their long naps? Just maybe they would stop and think with lucidity and rationality, they wouldn't make the mistake of bearing corpses.

Melancholy; a feeling so dull and yet soothing to the mind at the same time. When people say. "You're so negative." I think, yes I am as unlike happiness that comes to disappoint me. Misery gives and keeps me company. I don't have the energy to hate any more. You see, why would I lose the little energy I have from the burdens of lugging a body with a conscience and put more time into people that provide me no benefits or substance to my life? My mum believes that we 'chose to come here.' If I had the luck of a choice. I would have aborted my fetus myself straight on the spot.

For man wants loyalty. He must try and seek friendship from a dog or cat, as unlike a woman, they will be loyal. As I spoke with a dear friend of mine, about eighteen percent of people are at risk of homelessness this year alone in the United States. I have the sensations that I'm witnessing a copy of the fall of the Roman Empire in my lifetime. Even though I am celibate, I can't help but admire the beauty of a woman. It's like they are all seducers. Women really do pick the winners and losers. They are the true embodiment of nature. I just saw on the news, a young man got stabbed. Obviously it's sad to him of course and the survivors who witnessed such a tragic event, but despite the sorrow I have for the parents, I despise them at the same time. Thus they created this awful event for the fact they brought this man to his fate. By bringing him into this terrible existence.

We are all rotting like moldy bread. The aging process is a form and progress of betrayal and degradation. Thus it ruins your youth and is a slow disease of decay, that eats out your organs, tears down your mind slowly. So what's the cure to all this? Simply by not creating another flesh suit into this toxic world. Just to expire and die uncontrollably. The older I get, the less I care for a relationship as humans continue to disappoint me. Life continues to give me the craving for desolation, I feel it in my head everyday. What I would take to be the way I used to be, but once you take the pill of truth, you will never go back.

Chapter 4

The poor humans are nothing more than farm animals for the rich farmers. Thus the rich benefit from our sorrows and suffering in exchange for profit. That's why they are pro-life, as they need a continuous, increasing amount of young slaves to pay taxes. Which all goes into the hands of the filthy royals. Thus they outsource us in power, luxury and resources to satisfy their futile greed. When people ask me, "What do you

believe in when it comes to politics?" I reply back with, "I'm a political nihilist." As I don't believe in a system that doesn't support the idea of anti-natalism.

Behind every disappointed netizen, was once a hopeful idealist. Great Britain is a shadow of what it used to be. Once as the British Empire, we were the colonisers, now we have become the colonised. Every time I look in the streets of my local English town, all I see is desolation, turmoil and atrophy. The streets are full of vermin. It feels like I'm walking in external hell.

I see cats and they just sit there for hours. It's fascinating yet astonishing to see, but yet humans can't do the same. They always have to distract themselves as our consciousness can't handle the bleakness of our reality as clearly. The way I look at it, was that humans were Earth's biggest catastrophe. We sacrificed everything for intelligence, That alone was a curse. The sun should have just killed itself at the sight of the first homo sapiens walking the sub-saharan grasslands all those years ago. Man must overcome lust, as lust is the barrier to self improvement and the continuance of suffering. Nietzsche said it himself, "Nothing must interfere with the development of the hero, which is inside you and if lust stands in the way, lust must be overcome." That line alone is so true, but yet most people will remain slaves to their instincts, until it's too late to save them. The people who deny that this existence is full of evil, are full of evil themselves.

One time at the supermarket, I saw a woman talking to another woman's child and seeing this monstrosity. Gave me sensations of disgust from the fact that getting excited over someone who brought someone into this world. All just to eventually collapse and pass away back into the void. It seems pretty futile to get excited over someone who bears a corpse. Philosophy is more than just reading and writing, it's a way of life. Just look at socrates. The philosopher who wrote nothing. I used to feel inferior to people that liked their jobs, had kids, got married. Now I feel superior to them, like I'm a chosen one, like I'm Jesus Christ. I think to myself when I'm in the streets. 'I am God itself.' It is pure egoism at its finest.

Living without fear and living in comfort is a disease for your mind. As comfort causes boredom and boredom leads to a slow atrophy of your happiness. When we live in fear, which is the antidote to boredom. It seems the remedy is stronger than the problem itself. Thus we find some kind of inner meaning from our suffering or at least delude ourselves that our life has meaning from our suffering.

I went to make a YouTube video, but I had no new words to say, none at all. Everything I thought of was saying the same damn thing again. 'don't procreate.' What more do I have to say about the pessimism I have about the world? I've realised all life is about, is doing the same things on repeat: eating, drinking, defecating, urinating, sleeping and

coping again and again till I die. Though I don't want to die I always think to myself 'when will it all end' and sometimes can't wait to die and regret being born to experience this sludge of a reality.

I woke up again, lacking sleep, I felt tired, irritable and ghastly. I beg for a good night's sleep. Like how a Buddhist monk begs for solidarity. Tomorrow is Valentine's Day. I have no one to spend the day with and I'm fine with it. Why have some crafty woman ruin my solidarity, cause desolation in my life and put my life down the gutter? Thus ruin my freedom and risk procreating. For man to have freedom. He shall sit in silence, in solitary confinement and embrace his inner sage.

Chapter 5

This planet is nothing more than an air open prison with a death sentence added onto it. Thus in life we feel free but we are truly not, and if anyone disagrees with me, they are deluded plenty. When I sleep I'm at peace, when I wake up, I am fed up and numb inside. Even when I have had suicidal nightmares, they've been better than my reality. This shows how much better being asleep is rather than being awake and conscious.

People who follow religion are like dogs, for the reason that they think and do what their owners want them to do. Looking at humans juxtaposed with other animals, we are separate from them, but are we? Like when you look at orcas, they have different cultures, accents and hunt different prey options and chimpanzees, which have different ways of extracting termites, ants and honey. This proves that we aren't the only ones with culture but despite all that, we are still separate from them. It seems that we are apart yet equal at the same time with other beings.

As my roommate was angry, furious, infatuated with himself, I told him "we are slaves." His reply was "We aren't slaves to anything." I said, "The human mind is a slave to itself." He did not reply after that, but the thing is we are slaves, just the fact we have to urinate, defecate, drink, eat, sleep, move and repeat is painful enough, therefore, we are slaves to our brain and body's needs.

The pain of having a conscience is bad enough, but when you add a body that provides daily burdens and eventually leaves you and betrays you, that just adds to the insanity of being human. I was listening to a song and it said "I don't deserve you, I'm lucky to have met you." The thing is from my observations is that he wasn't lucky but he was at the same time. What I'm concluding is that we are all lucky, but unlucky at the same time. Especially to be alive, but I would have still chosen to have never been if I had the luck of a choice.

I woke up too early this time, no full nights rest. I then thought to myself is this real, a simulation, a nightmare? Each night I don't sleep properly, it reminds me of how dark this reality truly is.

A sleepless night is one that starts with melancholy and ends with ataraxy, walking through the streets after my sleepless night. I felt disgusted with what I saw, vermin, monstrosity, and desolation. It felt like everything was futile, and that what I do won't matter in the end. especially with the fact it would have been better to have never been born.

Existence is no more than a horror movie, with non horror moments in-between the moments of pure torment and catastrophe. Looking at a fat woman, I saw a fat slob, a selfish slob to be exact. She had three kids it seemed, all three beings eventually being led to a time worn tomb created by a selfish demon. I then decided to not look at her again after a second and got on with my day.

Progenitors and the rest of the herd are no more than animals, thus they provide the matrix with what it really wants; more beings! The only way to rise above the animal kingdom and to become God, is to accept that life is absurd and that procreation is a demonic sin.

Seeing all the haters I have accumulated over the years, has made me realise that I am rising above the matrix by searching for the truth and calling out these deluded robots for what they are and they don't like that. Thus they will do everything or something in their little power they have to dissolve, desolate and break me into atrophy, but why argue? Why bring myself down to their level of stupidity, just to beat me with experience?

I don't know what's more bitter, my morning thoughts or the daily cup of coffee I drink? Deep down I know nothing matters as it all leads to one thing; death. What I envy the most is people of old age that are on the edge of dying and dissolving back into their prenatal state. What I pity the most is the people that say that "Life is a lucky fortune."

Chapter 6

Regrets are the biggest life lesson. Thus they tell you about your misfortunes and give you the opportunity to reach for growth. If I could have written every philosophical take and thought I have. I would have written millions of pages by now, but I forget the majority of the things I plan to write. I remember Nietzsche saying "Ideas come as you walk." That line always ends up staying with me.

When you reveal the demon that you are to the sheep. They will go out and try to desolate, break and destroy you. Look at Socrates, the philosopher who got executed in Athens. No one should fear being solitary as we all unfortunately are born alone and will eventually die alone. In the end no one is coming to save you, only you can save yourself!

One time when I was walking, I saw a pregnant woman, clearly oblivious to the harm she caused. I looked away afterwards and thought to myself, "Humans cause their own problems." I woke up yet again, far too early. I felt shame, confusion and sadness. Why did I exist to experience my daily burden of insomnia? To think life is nothing, but a lottery. You can be healthy and die tomorrow at twenty three or be a heavy smoker and die until ninety .

I used to think having haters was a bad thing, but over the years I've come to realise that they are a need for your progress. To me if you don't have any haters, you're not doing something right. Everything seems unreal, even my sensations feel unreal. All I do is do the same thing again and again, like a repeated level of a video game you can't quite progress from.

The nights we experience sleepless nights are the ones we remember the most, as Cioran said, "Night means sleepless night." The will to live is to live to suffer. If I say this to a regular folk, they would call me a 'depressive maniac.' What modern women do to get a male's attention is absurd and idiotic. Putting on make up and fake eyelashes are just two examples. Many men prefer natural beauty over fake beauty. Which doesn't exist in my opinion.

Ancient Egypt collapsed from being attacked by the Persians. The Romans destroyed Persians afterwards, and then atrophied overtime into many small empires. After the Saxons colonised Britain, they later got colonised by the Normans. And so the same story goes on again and again. It seems from my observations that history is nothing but repeating itself. Thus another reason not to bring someone into this satanic existence for the fact they could deal with what the past civilizations dealt with a societal collapse, and being taken over by anonymous entities.

Being a nice guy means despite being virtuous, you will be taken advantage of or you will pick the opposite and "Be the villain," as Dostoevsky said himself. These days everything has a cost to it, now even the water has a cost to it. Money is everything and all of what a civilised man knows of. When I woke up from my daily burden of insomnia. I realised how life is nothing but suffering and how we are in a melancholic state by default. The only sure way to temporarily escape this torment is by chasing salvation.

While I was talking to this unbearable woman. I realised I stupid she was, no lucidity, no rationality, nothing but animal instincts, unaware of the situation she is in. Listening to her stupidity was like listening to a domestic dog yapping for attention. Not to my surprise she is a Catholic, explains it all really.

There is something so infuriating with people asking “what’s your job.” Like your some kind of functional robot.

The problem when people say self-improvement is bad, is that they tend to excuse their lack of motivation by pretending to be virtuous, when they are just full of envy. They are just cowards, pretending not to be cowards. If they admitted to it, I would have more respect for them at least. However, still no respect regardless.

It takes longer to yield good results, then it does to have sudden suffering. The older I get, the more I wish I was put back into my prenatal state, the only peace of state.

Chapter 7

The biggest strength you can have is when you admit you're a flawed entity and self-reflect. I can't fully say what happens when you die, but it's got to be better than this melancholic existence. I barely slept last night. The suffering I have to endure is unfortunate, yet this small glimmer of hope keeps me alive for some unknown reason, yet at the same time I still feel despair and disappointment in myself and the reality upon me.

I remember when my step dad hit me against the wall. My head bled out like a hunted deer, yet I barely remember the sensation. School shows and proves human nature, bullying alone, proves that conclusion. People begging for attention, while being sadistic, cruel, and apathetic towards others. School truly shows the desolation that is humanity.

I want to be free in a desert, but I know I'm trapped in a prison known as earth. Today a dear friend of mine said “Her dad was furious at the idea that she wasn't getting him any gifts.” I replied that it is “Irrational and nasty, they owe you not vice versa for forcing you into this world of irrationality and insanity.” Having conversations like this make me feel like a pitbull off its leash.

The problem with feminism is that it denies nature. Women are by definition, a grown child with a menstrual cycle, or at least most women. Schopenhauer said, “Women are more caring than men as they are irrational children.” While men are more lucid and

rational than most women, If men fought off their lust, most men would accept the asymmetry argument and not reproduce.

The problem I have when people say 'social media isn't reality,' is that people in relationships are just as fake as people online. However, the difference is that people can say almost anything online compared to real life. Thus reveal themselves for what they truly are, a melancholic, selfish demon lashing out with fury towards the world.

Sometimes I feel free like an eagle, but deep down I realise that I'm as free as a life sentenced prisoner. Deep down I feel that everyone has a Schopenhauer in them. Where they want to call out the nonsense in the world, but deny the truth and thus live in ignorance. As they say ignorance is bliss. Each time I go out, I always see children with their progenitors. They are destined to their fate, desolation and death. Why do these irrational humans continue to keep bearing corpses? Because they are selfish animals!

I went to the gym one day and suddenly, I then stepped accidentally in a puddle. All my shoes were wet, I felt so much humiliation and failure. So I decided to go into a fit of convulsion and ranted while realising how unfair existence is.

Women are the choosers while men are the pretty peacocks. The women are the ones to pick what genes to be passed on simply down to how picky and judgemental they are. When I showed my true self, My family went on to despise and pity me. The Buddha had the same dilemma, mostly with one of his cousins.

When I look back at my life and the issues I have had to face in the past, present and future. I don't always wish I wasn't born. I just logically come to the conclusion that I might as well not be here and that my existence is nothing but futility.

Regardless of what we face and endure in existence. It doesn't matter as we all end up under a gravestone with a name that will be forgotten overtime, sometimes even immediately. Like Kurt Cobain stated before, "No one dies a virgin as we all get fucked in the end." That line by itself, is so true and frightening at the same time. The problem I have with communism isn't because I am amiably pro-capitalism, it's because for how long humans are on this planet, they will always be leaders, and thus ensues hierarchy therefore, nobody will ever be equal amongst humanity. That's the reason in my opinion that communism is unsustainable, and nothing more than a fantasy for the delusional optimist within the liberal space.

Life is no more than a lottery. You were a one in a million chances, but instead of winning, you lose! Life is suffering, but yet suffering is life.

Chapter 8

Each time I have a conversation with a breeder, I feel guilt. Like why am I talking with such filth, such vermin, why do I bother to put effort into talking to these people? Because I'm bored and need someone to converse with.

Each time I see a Buddhist monk, I think what a gift, what a luxury, a convenience. I wish I had the strength they had to be in peace within themselves and to live in solitary confinement. But no, I'm still a normal human that needs human connection. When I look at humans, we're a weird looking animal.

With our large noses, large head, almost hairless bodies and bipedalism. Even the most beautiful humans, when we aren't biased, are ugly. The whole human body is a monstrosity and is best if we vanish when the earth has had enough with our nonsense.

I told my philosophical views to my female corpse bearer. To my surprise she said "It's your choice." Earlier my mum said, "It's about time your sister had a child, they've been together for years now." That line left me dumbfounded. Just because you've been together and you're in love for years, does not give the excuse to bring a flesh suit into this world to end up in their fate, their only fate, is death.

The only interesting part about Hegel is his rivalry with Schopenhauer. So interesting having two different minds compete with one another. Everything else though from Hegel, is nothing but wishful thinking, toxic positivity and chaffle.

I got told by some buffoon to leave the house. He was frightening and I felt guilty for letting this man walk all over me Like I'm a coward. I'm at least glad however, I didn't oppose him and suffer physical blows. Everyday I wake up and beg for salvation, just so I can get rid of my suffering. Then again I'm never going to escape the burdens of existence. The only way to limit suffering is by accepting despair, torment and the suffering we all have to endure. That truly is the remedy to the disease.

I envy those who don't have the daily crucifixion of insomnia that I and others have to endure. What a dream to be not fully conscious for at least seven hours. In my opinion if God has existed or does exist, he died. Every single atom in and around us is small fractures and pieces of gods collapse. For something to be created there needs to be a creator. How do all those quarks appear put out of thin air or out of nothing without something creating it? Doesn't make sense to me at all. Every single movement of every single atom, cell, bacteria, organism is the post death of God itself.

My anxiety possesses me, haunts me, destroys my salvation. Thus I pity myself, I allow the sensation to take over my consciousness and most of all wallow in the anxiety I so own. The only way to eradicate the curse of anxiety is to kill yourself straight on the spot. Life at its worst is nothing but suffering and chasing salvation. At its best is a neutral state with a ticking time bomb for your time worn tomb. That leads to the end of your futile existence. We only have six needs in life. Food, water, sleep, urination, defecation, and exercise. Everything else is just futile wants and expectations.

I'm so glad I wasn't religious at a young age and wasn't indoctrinated by some delusional progenitors that support life and put faith and hope for a being that has no evidence for doing anything good whatsoever. All I see is houses, more than nature, in a local field. They were building houses there, seeing this made me think. Depopulation is a necessity and that man is a walking cancer to this planet.

Seeing a man petting his dog while hearing a young man getting stabbed on the news. Made me come to the conclusion that homo sapiens is the most angelic, yet most demonic creature on this planet. To think that lucidity is a cure for being stuck and delusional. Despite this I've never felt so imprisoned.

Guy Fawkes is the epitome of a failure. Had so much hatred, disgust, and sadism in his heart, however, he couldn't even perform a simple task of blowing up parliament in secret. What a failure, monstrosity and maniac he was! We have five stages of existence. We start off prenatal, then we are born, then we live, then we experience dying and then we are finally dead. Back to the prenatal space I suppose.

To exist is the biggest burden of all. To have a self while also lugging a body that is going to betray you was such a poor creation that it shouldn't have existed. Thanks to all the progenitors for causing mass graves and unlimited human suffering.

Chapter 9

Being the timid guy always gets you cursed. Telling the truth and showing your inner demon is the answer to being the hunter and not being the hunted.

I remember hearing my mum's friend say that her friend "thinks that when I'm older, I am going to be the most successful out of the whole family." Looking at my life she has made a poor mistake in her calculations. Now I realise how stupid being optimistic about your future really is.

It's smart to doubt your future. Unintelligible people are more optimistic, simply down to being stupid, lacking lucidity and rationality.

It's better to follow the path of Socrates and admit you know nothing, than be like Hegel and claim to know everything.

Having dealt with a large family growing up, I always hated most of them. They would argue with each other, single me out and call me autistic, like I'm incapable of anything. When people say your family is your blood, it makes me feel sick, and sends a shiver down my spine. Why should I support people that deeply neglected me?

When I heard my auntie had a miscarriage, I was relieved from the desolation that she would have caused from a sentient being forced into a prison planet. To just eventually become a decaying corpse of organic matter.

I want to be so lucid that instead of being pitied by my enemies, they envy me instead. Earlier, looking up at the bland disc which is the moon. Made me think I am in the middle of nowhere, nothing more than a grain of sand in a room larger than a cathedral. The question is why are we here? What was the point of my existence?

It's much better to not exist, as you avoid the catastrophe of death, avoid the chaos of birth, and avoid the futility of existence. Thus we are born here to suffer from pain and boredom and head into our destined graves.

Each time I feel good, I later feel guilt. Why do I feel this way? I don't have a clue? It's simply down to realizing that life is suffering, and that I should never crack a smile like Cioran, and beg for my death.

The saying "don't look up to people" explains the problem with having role models. Look at Nietzsche when he said, "Lust must be overcome," yet had orgies during his life, Look at Cioran when he said "There is no false sensation," yet then proceeded to say in another aphorism "Sensations are unreality." Plato was another one who despite his philosophy being about ethics and creating platonism yet was a pedophile, and touched boys' genitals. These examples I've portrayed show you to never look up to someone and only listen to what they say.

For as long as humans exist, they will always be unhappy, for everything we do is to escape torment, which is the quest for salvation. However, our own quest for salvation is our downfall, thus is a form of torment. Every form of happiness perishes and atrophies overtime, and leads to stagnation and unhappiness. Because of this, any man that gets wiser will end up concluding that life is not worth achieving happiness, but inner peace is and that the same cycle for the search of happiness will be on repeat till

his death. "The Will To Live," by Schopenhauer, explains it the best way possible and I see it in my own patterns of my own existence.

When we re-think memories, we get mostly bad ones and that causes our anxiety to repossess us, torments us, and haunts us. We have no other choice but to accept it, and that our past wouldn't exist if in fact we were prenatal. What better it would have been to have never been born.

Once again a sleepless night, tossing and turning on repeat and feeling agitated. I wanted to project my fury onto an object, a person, something. What's the point though of letting out this kept inside fury? Why would I punch something or someone, when it hasn't changed my sleepless night.

An interesting theory of mine is that the universe is a simulated cycle, and that God is made to fit the absence for the lack of a universe. Now we have a universe where God died, every dead fracture of God is in every atom in the universe including ourselves. When the universe dies another God will reappear and will end up dying and turning into fractured for a universe to form and later life to form along with it. Which will repeat the same ludicrous, futile cycle of everything.

Talking with a woman earlier one time, she admitted the obvious that life is suffering. We talked for an hour, and was a fascinating individual to say the least. Sadly was a corpse bearer but wasn't judgemental on my philosophical takings and didn't deny it. Just a shame she carried a corpse into their awaiting grave. There is however, no point in getting angry as it doesn't change the unfortunate that's out of our control.

Chapter 10

I wish I didn't care about other people anymore and be ultimately selfish and animal-like, by defecating, urinating and spitting on the public streets down my local town just like Diogenes. Listening to music hits so deep that even meditation can't hit that deep in your mind. One song I feel like I want to sob, the next song I want to commit the crimes of a convict and go on a killing spree.

I get so much envy towards humans that forgive everyone and aren't affected by their enemies any more. What a gift, what a luxury, a privilege. If only I could be this way towards my foes I could become Like the Buddhist monk – in peace with oneself.

Men are by far the peacocks of the human race. Down to their broader shoulders, facial hair, wide chest, the fact we are taller than women on average. This clearly shows men

are more attractive when we take away social norms. Another point to show evidence of my claim is to look at the dating market. There is way more women getting matches than men simply down to how women pick the men not vice versa.

The misanthrope; the entity that was forgotten, and was left to be belittled, then woke up to this realm and saw the catastrophe it is. Except for groceries and work, any other time he spends alone and loves not surrounding himself with people. There's no one to pest him except for himself and his eternal hatred, isolation, torment, desolation and despair. The way he is will make him forever prideful in his pessimism and loneliness.

Despite realizing this reality for what it is, I still want to live and explore the universe and find some anonymous entities on another planet. It is like my brain wants me to still live and suffer, thus the will to live is to suffer. Progenitors are no more than selfish animals fuelled by lust and self absorption. If they want to become the supreme being and rise above being a lustful animal. They shouldn't have made the mistake of procreation in the first place!

Every moment after a historical period, society collapses, birth rates drop and crime rates go up. During those periods whether causing it or avoiding it, we see the absolute worst in humanity. Despite all this however, we then decide to create another society, people start re-populating again and the same cycle continues and history continues to repeat itself, this only shows that ignorance is bliss. If only after a societal collapse we didn't breed, we didn't bother to create another flawed society. The cancer that is humanity will involuntarily go extinct.

The next time someone says the inevitable "You're so miserable," I shall respond with "Yes, I am. Unlike you, I can see this reality for what it is and where I'm heading." That place I'm heading is death.

People who wish to be rich, the people that want nice cars, nice houses, social validation are such scum. They are so materialistic, and are the sheep to the shepherds. They can't see and think with lucidity and rationality. If only they could think lucid and rational, they will finally conclude that money won't completely save them from suffering, torment, and death. Thus they are on equal terms with the rich powerful demons they so love to complain about.

The best thing to happen for you is to never be born. Unfortunately it's not within your reach. Sometimes I overestimate my intelligence, and afterwards I realise my sensation is false. I conclude that I'm a busy ape and that I don't know anything, just like Socrates.

No man accepts his death, until it's his last moment dying. The moment he's born to the day before he dies. He thinks he is immortal, a God, undefeatable. Then the day of his fate, death and end appears he concludes he is in fact mortal.